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A  
FRIENDLY HINT  
AT PARTING  
TO  
AN UNBRIDLED FANATIC,  
OR  
THE AUTHOR  
OF  
A CAKE OF BARLEY MEAL, &c.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF THE  
CHARITABLE MORSEL, &c.

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*Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.—LUKE.*

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THE FRIENDLY HINT

AT LONDON

FOR THE FRIENDLY HINT

THE AUTHOR



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A

FRIENDLY HINT, &c.

SIR,

WERE I to stumble upon a Chimney-sweeper in the street, and happen to have a rencounter with him, I should expect, if my clothes were not of the sable hue, to contract some evident marks of the contest. Should I inadvertently offend one of the Nymphs at Billingsgate, a torrent of opprobrious language, insult, and abuse, would naturally be the consequence. Or should I be led into the company of an Insane Person, at one of his lucid intervals, and happen to touch upon the original cause of his madness; I should naturally expect a great deal of wild incoherent jargon, and enthusiastic ravings, accompanied with the most inveterate scurrility; for having recalled to his mind the unhappy subject from which his malady sprung.—In like manner, I am sorry to say, must every one expect to have his character blackened and traduced, who has any contest with the Author of the Barley Cake; especially if the French Emigrant Clergy should happen to be the subject of debate.



Should any one peruse your Answer to the Charitable Morfel, without having read the latter, he would be led to conclude that the contest between us was, who should bespatter the other the most dexterously. And really, Sir, it should seem that you were of the same mind, when you penned your Answer. Should this have been the case, the contest is at an end: for I readily yield the palm of victory to you, who have an indisputable right to claim it. You have so much the advantage of me in the science of slander, scurrility, and abuse, that I will never more enter the lists, nor wield a pen, with you. Sooner would I contend with a Chimney-sweeper, a Billingsgate Fish-woman, or a Madman, than with you.

Your illiberality appears in every page of your Answer, as if written with a sun-beam. For, not satisfied with what appears in my Reply to the Barley Cake, to found your Answer upon; you first conjecture the situation of the Author, and then the conduct which you suppose must necessarily be attached to it; which, with the most consummate assurance, you assert to be his real character. Never was a man more egregiously mistaken than you are respecting him: for after all your enquiries, information, and conjectures, you are totally ignorant of every trait of his character, by which he is distinguished from other men. Had you known him, you would have been cor-



vinced that "pride, imperiousness, or a mimicry of elegance," were no traits in his character; much less prominent ones, as you insinuate. Your ignorance of him, therefore, is as great, as mine would be of your character, if I were to assert, that you were not a vile, illiberal slanderer. I went not a step out of my way in my Reply to your Barley Cake: all was founded upon what you had written therein. Had I descended to that low scurrility and abuse, with which you have endeavoured so liberally to bespatter me, totally irrelative to the matter in contest, I might have availed myself of some curious anecdotes respecting your private conduct and character. But I scorn to have recourse to such mean expedients, having no enmity nor malice to gratify thereby.

You charge me with having written in my Reply *thirty lies*; which by round assertions, and by torturing, straining, and perverting my words, you have in vain endeavoured to make out. But is not your unqualified assertion, that "you have heard, perhaps twenty times or more, of a certain proud man, somewhere within the purlieus of the Mews, who carries a weapon to stab the first he meets prouder than himself," a most barefaced *lie*; and tantamount to three hundred of such imaginary ones, as you pretend to have discovered in my Reply? Should there be such a man, I

can point out to him one, [in whose breast he may safely plunge the weapon, and be guiltless on that score ; if he can escape with impunity from the laws of his country also : which is no other than the author of Gideon's Cake of Barley Meal. Had you informed me, you had heard, twenty times and more, of the *meanness* of the person, who condescended to answer that vile calumniator, the author of that pamphlet, I should have given you some credit.

You seem to be highly offended at my calling you an " obscure individual." Are you not so? what public capacity have you acted in, to entitle you to any other appellation? I consider you, myself, and every other person, who does not move in any public sphere of action, to be an *obscure individual* : especially when contrasted with an eminent, popular minister of the gospel : and in this light only I gave you that appellation.

Driven by a mad enthusiastic zeal, (which you would have your readers believe to be from an irresistible impulse of the Spirit of God,) you run furiously on, foaming with rage at your opponent, till almost out of breath ; then you make a dead stand, as to the subject in hand ; and, puzzled and perplexed in your mind what to say next ; you begin to rave about christian experience, and of the deep things of God ; which ill accords with the malignant spirit you seem to write in, and that  
 torrent

torrent of slanderous abuse which flows from your pen. So that the question of the apostle James may with great propriety be put respecting you, “ doth a fountain send forth, at “ the same place, sweet water and bitter?” Let me advise you, Sir, not to make such an unholy, heterogeneous mixture: nor blasphemously attribute to the influence of the Holy Ghost, what proceeds alone from your own unhallowed spirit; wrought up to a degree of enthusiastic phrensy by rage and malice.

The malignity of your heart discovers itself in nothing more apparently, than when you touch upon Placemen and Pensioners. And none ever wrote more ignorantly upon the subject than you have done: for you know not the difference between an *efficient office* and a *sinecure*. As little are you acquainted with the incomes of places. That a man could ever believe that any place in this kingdom produces 20,000l. per annum, and that the whole duty of it is, for the possessor to write his name but *once* in the year; discovers such weak credulity as well as ignorance, as is scarcely to be paralleled. In this, as in various other instances, the disposition most prevalent in your heart is *envy*; which corrodes it, and vents itself in malicious invective against those, whom Providence has placed in more advantageous situations than it is your lot to be in. Is not this rebelling against the will, and repining at the dispensations, of God himself?



In your Barley Cake, as well as in your Answer to the Charitable Morfel, you have frequently discovered an itch to be meddling with politics. You have occasionally shown your teeth, and insinuated some things respecting Government, which sufficiently indicates what spirit you are of, and what principles you possess. Let me advise you, as a friend, to beware how you act in this matter ; for if you proceed to greater lengths, as you inform us some of your friends have excited you to do, you will probably not escape with the same ease and impunity, as you may expect to do, when you are vilifying a few individuals, your fellow subjects. It is a dangerous ground to tread on : therefore beware !

Although I would as soon turn scavenger at once, as to be obliged to remove all the filth with which you have loaded my character in your Answer ; yet I think it necessary to rectify some of your mistakes, lest others should be misled by them.

And, first, I must inform you of your error, in supposing that I despise any poor man, because he is poor. Nothing can be farther from my thoughts, or disposition. I honour a good man, though clothed in rags : especially if I know his poverty was not the consequence of his own misconduct, or obstinacy of temper. I never did consider the poverty of a man, which was evidently the allotment of Heaven, as any  
disgrace

disgrace to him. But there is certainly a spirit and temper of mind becoming such a situation ; as well as one not at all corresponding with it. You charge me with a lie, for saying, “ I “ infer from the general tenour of your letter “ to Mr. Romaine, that you are poor.” I will disclose the secret to you. I never knew a man write, as you have done, of the rich and affluent, with such acrimony and so much *envy* at their better fortune, unless he were poor. This, Sir, permit me to say, is a much more striking feature in your character, judging from your writings, than *pride* is in mine : and this I call an unbecoming spirit in a state of poverty ; whether in you or any other person.

Another mistake is, your supposing the Charitable Morfel to have been a *five months* production of mine and my friends : the truth is, it was the production of my leisure hours of *five days* only, out of a week's visit to a friend in the country ; it not being touched the other two days. Nor did it receive the least alteration or addition, till the week it was sent to the press ; when the Postscript was added : but it lay by me without the smallest intention of my publishing it, till the second edition of your Barley Cake made its appearance.

The blunders which you have made in your quotations from my Reply, and the unfairness of your conduct therein ; together with your comments on them, thus mutilated, are such  
as

as must not pass unnoticed. I will give you a few instances, which may serve as a sample of the rest. In page 32 of your answer, you omit in a quotation, " these *Amalekitish* dogs, who " are come hither to eat up the childrens bread:" and then, by blending the sentences preceding and following it, you render it stark nonsense. After which you make this comment on it, as if it were a fair quotation: " if such audacious " murdering of truth is not a mark of infamy, I hardly know what is." Which comment is so apposite to my purpose upon the present occasion, that I adopt it as my own, and leave it as a reproof for your own unfairness. Another instance of a similar nature occurs in page 33: where you introduce a sentence of mine respecting the poor; and you make me say " they are (therefore) [as well provided for (in general) as circumstances will " admit." But by leaving out the words " therefore and in general," which being an inference from what preceded, explaining the manner in which they are provided for, the sense is considerably altered.

You charge me, but with the most audacious falsehood, with " insulting and deriding your " person;" and that " I upbraided you with " imaginary profits from the sale of your " pamphlet:" in proof of which you refer your readers to the 23d page of my Answer; in which there is not a word respecting the pecuniary advantage you were likely to reap from



from it ; but that, your vanity being gratified, your eyes may be thereby blinded and your judgment so warped, as to preclude all conviction that you were wrong. I never imagined you would get any thing by the second edition of your Barley Cake ; there being more in it than could be afforded for the price charged for it. But it did not follow, that you might not have gained by the first edition ; nor, that you were not prompted by the sale of it, to enlarge it and double its price. I had no reason to suppose this was not the case, till your Answer informed me you had given all the copies to the publisher ; which, on your own testimony, I shall credit as truth. I know not a single word or expression in my Reply, that can be fairly construed as a reflection on your poverty, or on the poor at large. It is what I should tremble to do ; for I too well know, it is God that makes the difference, and not man. Your charging me, therefore, with “ repeated insults on poverty,” is a groundless slander : and the 26th page of the Reply, to which you refer, contains not a syllable of the kind. Several other references also you have made, and the pages contain nothing of that for which you refer to them.

Speaking of the poor, in another place, page 33 of your Answer, you address me thus ; “ go proud unfeeling wretch, visit their abodes of misery.”—This, great Sir, I had done scores of times before your imperious mandate reached

reached me: and not without administering to their necessities both of body and mind. And thus have I shewn how *proud* and *unfeeling* I am to their misery. But you must excuse me, Sir, from enlarging upon this head of my defence. It is of too delicate a nature. To others I refer you, therefore, who can with more propriety vindicate my conduct towards the poor and the distressed.

I am now fully convinced, but too late, of my imprudence, in taking up my pen to answer your Cake of Barley Meal. For had I known one half of the malignity of your heart, I should not have been the instrument of stirring it up, and causing those ebullitions of rancour, slander, and abuse,, that have flowed from it: which, like the lava of Etna or Vefuvius, threaten destruction to all around; but especially to every green and flourishing plant of character or reputation. I did it, indeed, contrary to the advice of some of my friends, although others thought it necessary. The former, I confess, saw deeper into the mystery of iniquity that lay in your heart than I did, which my candour prevented me from discovering. “ You will draw down vengeance “ upon your head,” says one, “ if you “ answer him: and the only reward for it, “ will be, I fear, another load of scurrilous “ abuse from the author of Gideon’s Cake, “ &c.” Thus writes another, after I had published the Charitable Morfel: “ Were I “ possessed

“ possessed of sufficient erudition to give an opi-  
 “ nion weight, I should lament that you have  
 “ helped to raise our *obscure friend* into ima-  
 “ ginary consequence: for however sufficiently  
 “ you may have satisfied every other person  
 “ of the propriety of Mr. Romaine’s conduct,  
 “ not the pen of a Cicero, or a Demosthenes,  
 “ joined with the piety of St. Paul, would  
 “ ever, I conceive, be able to convince your  
 “ opponent of the impropriety of this, or any  
 “ other subject his vanity may prompt him to  
 “ publish his thoughts upon.” Another friend  
 writes thus, falling in exactly with the thoughts  
 of the preceding: “ the Reply to your Cha-  
 “ ritable Morsel is exactly the thing I ex-  
 “ pected. You are certainly no match at all  
 “ for such *scurrility* and *fanaticism*. It is really  
 “ too bad for *contempt*. It excites grief and  
 “ pity for the miseries of human nature. Nei-  
 “ ther the eloquence of a Cicero, nor the thun-  
 “ der of a Demosthenes, and, I will add, nor  
 “ the tongue of an angel, could silence such a  
 “ writer.

The Reviewers unanimously reprobate your  
 Barley Cake. The remarks made by the  
 editors of one of them, I confess, I feel very  
 sensibly. Speaking of the Charitable Morsel,  
 they say, “ we cannot avoid regarding this  
 “ publication as an instance of the mistaken  
 “ zeal of officious friendship, stepping forward  
 “ to vindicate a character which did not need  
 “ it; and thereby giving some little notoriety  
 “ to



“ to a pamphlet, which, contemptuously neglected, would have sunk into irretrievable oblivion.”

From all these testimonies of your incorrigibleness, I am led to despair of convincing you of any error; yet would I fain render you some service, by diverting your talent for scurrility and abuse into some channel, that may prove advantageous to you, in your temporal affairs, at least. I cannot therefore withhold from you the suggestion of a female friend; and in consequence of her hint, I would advise you, when you want employment, to hire yourself to the editor of some newspaper, of high celebrity for its opposition to Government, and for traducing public and private characters. You need only shew him the Barley Cake, and the Answer to the Charitable Morfel; and if a slight perusal of these pamphlets do not convince him, that you are perfectly qualified for writing inflammatory paragraphs, and for blackening characters, both public and private, he must be a dull fellow indeed. I cannot doubt but that he will think you, from these specimens of your abilities, a very valuable acquisition to his paper.

To the interrogatories which you have put to Mr. Romaine respecting the French Bible, Mr. Stokes, of Friday Street, Cheapside, can reply, if he pleases; but I have not his authority to say he will. The charge against a certain  
Society

Society for robbing you of 3l. 10s. will, I suppose, be answered by the committee who transact the business of it. And should you have occasion for a few scandalous anecdotes, to asperse the characters of any more of that Society, Mr. Romaine, or myself, you need only write to a worthless fellow or two, and you will be easily supplied.

It has long been a maxim with me, “ that we may learn more true knowledge of ourselves, and profit more, by what our enemies say of us, than our friends.” I shall, therefore, endeavour to reap some benefit from your malevolence and slander, and thus turn the poison into salutary medicine: although my having your good word may be deemed by some a reproach. I trust I can already say, in a proper, not pusillanimous, spirit, with one of old, “ let him curse, for the Lord hath bidden him ;” for there may be cause for it, however hidden from me. From the severest censures and the most bitter invectives, I shall endeavour, like the bee, to extract some sweetness: and the most unjust accusations you have brought against me, shall be a test by which to try my spirit and my conduct: and if I find any real ground for them, I shall have reason to acknowledge my obligations to you, as the instrument used by God to point it out; and to him who turned, what you intended as a curse, into a blessing.

As

As I am now about to take an everlasting leave of you, as an opponent, I wish to do it in a christian spirit, and in so solemn a manner, that I shall not be ashamed of it at the great day; when the secrets of all hearts shall be opened; and we shall all be called upon to give an account of the deeds done in the body. I conceive myself to have been most unwarrantably vilified and slandered by you; and to have been treated in a most illiberal manner, without any just reason, or provocation on my part. That you have contracted much guilt upon your soul by such conduct, I cannot doubt: but from my heart I forgive you; and I pray God to convince you of your error, and to forgive you also. I acknowledge I have used "sharpness" in my Reply to your Barley Cake, as well as in this Letter: but you have compelled me to it. If in my zeal to vindicate the conduct of a faithful minister of Christ, I have given you any just cause of offence, though unintentionally, I beg your pardon, and hope God will forgive me also.

I am, Sir,

Your's to serve you,

THE AUTHOR OF

THE CHARITABLE MORSEL.